

# Hot Pies

Edition 15  
September 2003

## RIBUNAL IGHTMARE

The best defender in the AFL will miss the '02 Grand Final. It's a job... but we're not laughing," says distraught father, David Cloke. Wearing a black T-shirt advertising under-18 alcoholic beverages proud of his moustache, ruffled and physically restrained Collingwood mascot. Look no further than Park Orchards.

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## MAGPIE CHAMP CRUCIF

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Jason Cloke meaning h...  
the 2002 Grand Final...  
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## 2003 FINALS: CLOKEY'S REVENGE



he alleged...  
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Chairman confesses...  
interview a leading lawyer and...



WIDESCREEN COLLECTOR'S EDITION

In this Footy Club nobody plays by the rules...

David Williamson's



# the club

Jack Thompson, Graham Kennedy and Frank Wilson  
in a film by Bruce Beresford

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15 YEARS AND OVER

umbrella  
entertainment

Featuring exclusive footage of John Howard  
smoking ganja and sleeping with his sister!!

## Hot Pies

PO Box 6046.  
Collingwood North 3066  
Email: hotpies@vicnet.net.au



### Editors

Ben McAuliffe & Johnny Taranto

### Contributors

Emma, Matilda, Jane, Kit, Mick O'Kane, Pete  
Buttwagon, Ramon Dobb, Hotty.

### COVER ART

Jane McPhee at Blue Vapours  
jane@bluevapours.com.au

### Illustrators

Hotrod & Negro

### Photography

Kit, Jane, BM, JT

### Gameday sellers

Liam, Anthony, Andrew, Liam's other mate,  
Jess?), Slobes, Michelle's Niece.

### Disclaimer

Welcome to Hot Pies, the fanzine put together by  
Collingwood supporters for anyone who can read (or  
look at pictures). We are divorced from truth, balance,  
objectivity and especially good taste. Don't take us  
literaaly (sic). Sometimes we resort to offensive  
language and with all things in life, Parental Guidance  
is recommended. However if you love the Pies and are  
capable of having a laugh, we hope you enjoy Hot Pies.

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He's a Maniac...



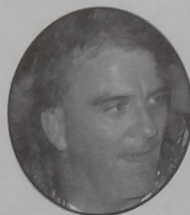
Desperate to avenge Port's finals humiliation of recent years, Mark Choco' Williams is using the latest exercise fad which has just hit Adelaide. Called 'Aerobics', Choco believes it might give his team an edge this September. As this picture shows he isn't afraid to give it a go himself. Good luck Mark!

### Delays expected

Due to unexplained absenteeism in the merchandising department, it appears that some people might experience delays in receiving their 'caps'. If you are yet to receive your 'cap', don't call the club (the phones are tapped). You will be notified by a secret wink when the new 'caps' become available.

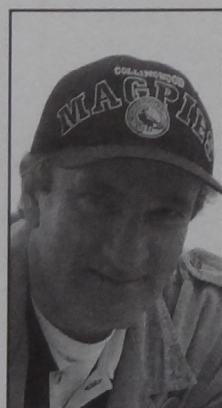


## The Rumour Mill



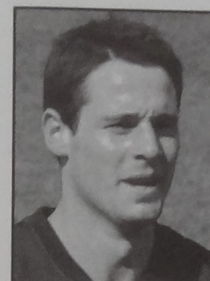
### Magpie Lovebirds?

They say that opposites attract and when it comes to love, who are we to argue? Hot Pies can confirm that Collingwood's highest profile supporter and footy's hottest journo have had a secret rendezvous. Careful not to give too much away, Joffa has confirmed that the two lovebirds have met and that he reckons she's a bit of alright! But are the feelings mutual? Message to Caro: If you don't have a date for the Brownlow, Joffa would like to give you one.



### Have you seen this man?

We need your help in tracking down this Hot Pies subscriber. If you see this guy, tell him that Hot Pies has lost his address. Apart from him and the two Qld T-shirt guys, Hot Pies boasts 100% customer satisfaction.



### Outrage

Members of the All Australian Selection Committee have come under fire again following the omission of Alan 'Dids' Didak. Many believe Didak cemented his claim as the best interchange player in

the competition following his two matchwinning goals against the 'Brions' in the qualifying final. The Jungle Drums haven't stopped beating along Johnston St about the goal... and the following ear tilt by Dids. Apparently it was his response to taunts from a Lions supporter. For more information ask Joyce in Archives (she won't stop for three quarters of an hour).



### Trouble in Paradise

It seemed like a good idea at the time, but details are starting to emerge about the heavy toll the Gold Coast sabbatical took on the players. 33%

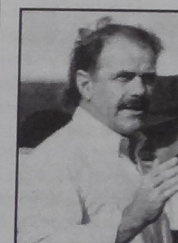
complained of cracked or dry lips, 27% had the tops of

their feet sunburnt and 100% reported sand in their speedos at one time or other. Is this the ideal buildup Malty was looking for? Meanwhile in occasionally wet and always miserable Adelaide, Mark Williams has found himself in hot water again. It seems that Warren 'Treaders' Tredrea's mother is upset with Power officials. The outcry came following Choco's decision to play the flu-stricken Warren against the Bombers in the driving wind and rain last Saturday. "You'll only make it worse," she warned. This follows the threats of "Don't come crying to me when you're sick in bed all next week."



### Big Top to Top Last Year

Tickets for this year's Grand Final Breakfast are selling fast. As usual the line up of guests includes some of the biggest names in footy and entertainment. Expectations will be high following the success of last year's extravaganza. Guests may remember Ben Kinnear being shot from a canon and Balmie being sucked into the fairy floss machine. This years event is set to be even bigger, who knows what the gurus in the events department have got up their sleeves.



### The Lips Revisited

It was the cable smash hit of last year and proved so popular that they've done it again. The 'Lips of Lethal 2' has been released straight to DVD. It was filmed during the recent qualifying final when the Bears went down to the Pies. There are many memorable highlights in this installment including Lethal screaming, "Who's that... Didak", Lethal lamenting "I wish I had Chrissy Tarrant, I wish I had Chrissy Tarrant, I wish I had Chrissy Tarrant on my football team" (sung to the tune of We Wish You A Merry Christmas) and the unforgettable "Ooh Aah Josh Fraser". Look out for it in a Reject Shop near you.

Subscribe to Hot Pies! See back cover for details.



## OLD FAVOURITES

Dear Hot Pies,

I read in your last edition about your Country Supporter groups and just wanted to remind everyone that I'm a country member.

D. Napthine,  
Portland

Eds: We remember.

\*\* It's an old Captain Kremin line, but a favourite of mine."

## MEGAMETABOLISM

Dear Hot Pies,

You mention Fat Lance a bit in your magazine, so I thought you must know him. Anyway, can you tell him it's not his fault, it's his metabolism!!

Big Bertha,  
The Metabolism Centre,  
Carlton Branch

## TOOLTIME

Dear Hot Pies,

Can you stop Balmey and Scotty from ringing me, they've got the wrong place and I've already got enough tools!!

Neville,  
The Metabo Tool Centre

## PIETIME

Dear Hot Pies,

I like hot pies, but I'm really disappointed that my favourite Pie Shop in Kensington has moved to someone called Pattie from Bairnsdale. Do you know if Bairnsdale has a footy team as I'm thinking of moving up there?

Fat Lance,  
Carlton

## HANCOCKED

Dear Hott Pyz,

The uvva day Collo just aksed me to sine my orto otto awtograf fer hymm and now he sez I hafta play at Calton fer too maw yeers butt I wanna play at Jullong. Cann u halp?

Brendon,  
City Remand Centre

Ed: No we can't and next time you write a letter please use a smaller crayon to help us to read it.

## R U HOT 4 IT?

Dear Hot Pies,

Have you got the mobile phone numbers of Laura Pinkstone and the old biddy that Clem grabbed on the arse from your last edition? I've got a couple of openings in my social diary and I wanna send them an SMS message.

Warney,  
Bayside

## THIS IS TRUE

Dear Hot Pies,

Time to let you all in on a little secret. Remember the heritage round and how at the last minute the club didn't like the first jumper provided to them and wanted another black stripe added to the front? We all know it's impossible to get new jumpers in that sort of time-frame, so how did they do it? Yep, burnt cork! Burnt cork, hundreds of practical uses.

Sly Wobblyjobs Snr

## WHAT THEY READ ON MARS

Dear Hot Pies,

I'm the guy with the Collingwood scarf in the Mars Bar ad on TV, the one where we eat Earth Bars on Mars. Anyway, the Pies have got a huge following up here and I wanna know if you can organise to send some of your mags up to us via intergalactic

mail as we can't currently get it up here.

Philoid Carmanoid,  
Mars

PS. Can you tell that wanker Sheedy to stop calling umpires and the AFL "Martians" its really pissing us off.

## HOT STUFF

Dear Hot Pies

I have a DVD player going cheap.

LA  
Carlton

## WASH THE BLUES AWAY

Dear Hot Pies

Cud ya tell me wot dat shampoo youse Pies players ar usin? I seen da ads on telly and reckon their grate. I'd swop me manky shag anyday for hair as shiny as Wakes.

See ya

Bredon Fevulva

## CAN'T KICK, CAN'T PUNCH

Dear Hot Pies

I can't believe the injustice of Brodie Holland's 2 week suspension. The poor bloke got crucified in the press and he's INNOCENT! I hit Paul Williams.

Joe  
Channel Nine

## MAKE A WISH

Dear Hot Pies

My favourite finals moment?

September is great.

The weather gets a little sunnier. The smell of cut grass and liniment in the air. And the sheer enjoyment as the AFL's Make a Wish foundation puts a smile on the face of thousands of underprivileged executives. To see these suits getting along to the footy for all the big finals is a joy to

behold. It certainly makes all the pain us average supporters go through seem worth it. What better reward? We pump in our hard earned without question every season. Trudge along in all weather conditions and hold gate takings up whilst these unfortunate suits struggle through a winter spent on the slopes at Falls or the beach at Noosa. So to see the suits given the opportunity to waste their company's marketing budget on a game they don't understand let alone hold any real passion for really shows how footy brings people of all socio-economic backgrounds such great emotions.

Queued & Confused,  
Altona North

## EBENEZER GOOD

Dear Hot Pies

Let me make one thing clear. I am the biggest "E" at Collingwood.

E McGuire

Toorak...oops...I mean Broadmeadows

## SPELL CHACK 1

Dear Hot Pies

This is all a simple misunderstanding. It seems the cheer squad's spelling problem has spread to the merchandising department. I asked her to order a batch of 'Ts.

G Swan  
Abbotsford

## PEAKING AT THE RIGHT TIME

Dear Hot Pies

I've never worked in football before. All the guys said they wanted to experience ecstasy in September. I thought I would be pro-active and order it now.

Stupid Merchandising Chick  
Collingwood North

## SPALL CHECK 2

Dear Hot Pies

Thanks to that stoopid chick we've now lost one of our best chants. I can get thru to 'give me an I' no worries but whenever I move on to 'give me an E' everyone cracks up.

Joffa  
Cheer Squad

## MISERY KING

Does anybody know what has happened to Mr Las Vegas Via Mill Park Golden Boy With The Midas Touch Bundoora Mafia Standover-Wannabee Pokies King, Big Bad Bruce Mathieson?

J. Elliott<  
Carlton Commission Flats

Eds: Last we saw he was busy stocking up on duty free gold chains in Hong Kong.)

## POINTING THE BONE

Dear Hot Pies

Thanks for taking my advice and using the Aboriginal hex lifters from the mid 90s on your mag to remove the jinx (see last edition letters - Eds).

Told ya they work a treat and Scotty Burns has been going from strength to strength because of it. Alan McAllister

## TOP TIP

Dear Hot Pies

Need a costume to go to a fancy dress party? The black and white minstrals are not only topical but are in magpie colours! Take my top tip and use burnt cork for your makeup.

Sly Wobblyjobs Snr.

## FIRE HOSE

Dear Hot Pies

It was with some consternation that I read that Scotty Burns was on fire in your last edition. I immediately raced down to Vicky Park to give him a good hosing down so he'd be OK for the final series.

Imagine my surprise when I found him not in flames at all and was left standing in the change rooms, clutching a fire hose with the whole staff and team looking at me as if I were a real dill. Please check your facts in future.

Curly

## BORED

Dear Hot Pies

Sorry about last year. I took off to Jamaica before the granny (oops). This year Eddie told me there may be a place on the board as they're looking for a woman (and I can fit the bill if need be). Still, I'd prefer to be invited onto the board as "an omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient" being, but I suppose there's only room for one position in that capacity.

God

Send letters to:

Hot Pies, PO Box 6046  
Collingwood North 3066  
or email 'em to:  
hotpies@vicnet.net.au



# Great Footy Oxymorons No. 312

'Informed' Footy Journalist Caroline Wilson

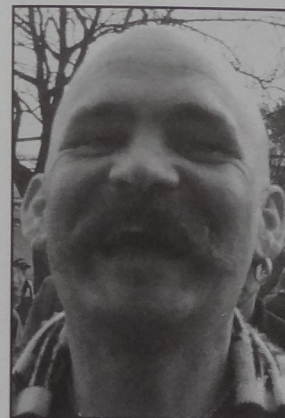
"People are just starting to realise what a champion Buckley is"

Caro (Talking Footy, Monday Sept. 1, 2003)

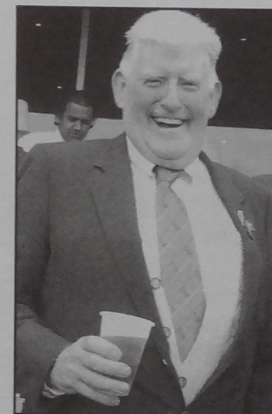


For the latest in footy news tune in to Bruce, Timmy and Caro on Talking Footy, Monday nights on Seven.

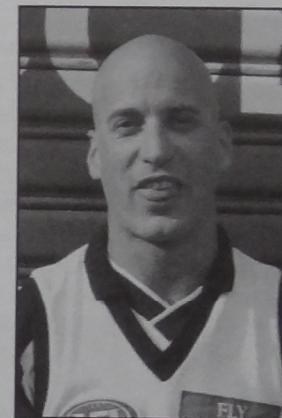
## How would you celebrate if the Pies won the flag?



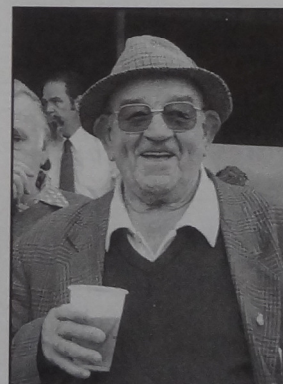
Get these chronic nostril hairs seen to with a whipper snipper.



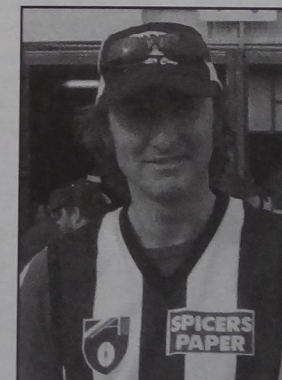
Sonny, I'd do what I've done every day for last thirty seven years. Whack a fifty on a quaddie, serve the misses and chuck down thirty pots.....of... um, milk.



I'd need to relax after a Grannie. Perhaps a strong cuppa and a soggy biscuit.



It could be a big night on the milk, that one.



Dunno



If we won I'd lash out and buy depilatory cream for ear hair

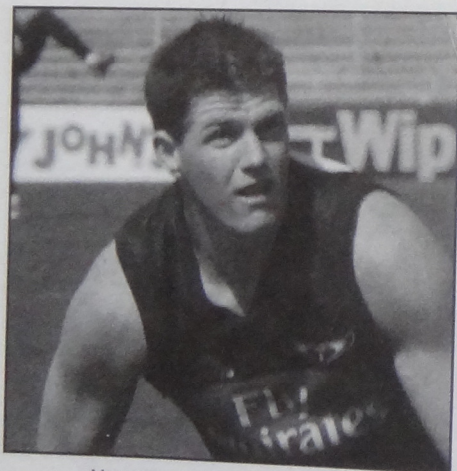


# The fist and the furious

By Dirty Sanchez

In his short yet spectacular career Jason Cloke has developed a reputation for fisting. While not as glamorous or fashionable as other feats there's no denying how effective it can be. Jason's fisting has proved popular among Collingwood fans of all description. Whenever Clokey punches from behind it's not unusual to see the Pink Magpies blush and Buckley's Brigaders cry.

There's never a wrong time to be fisting when you're Clokey, whether he's 'filling a hole' or just being the 'third man up', Clokey knows exactly what to do. Football these days is all about taking the right option. When Jason goes the fist option anything can happen. With one powerful thump



*More than just another shampoo model*

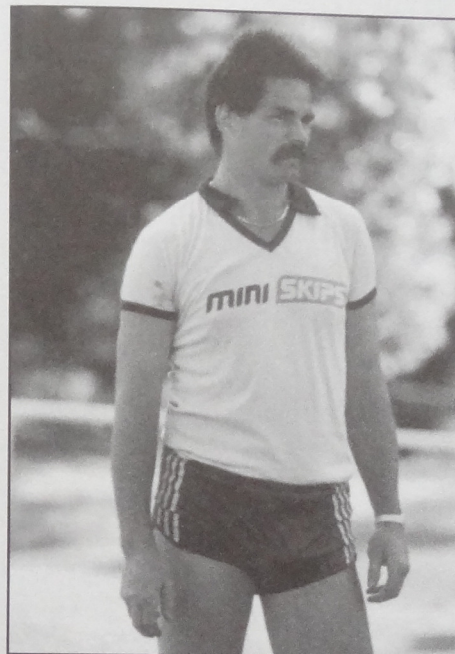


*Clenching early in life*

Clokey is able to split things wide open and initiate numerous forward thrusts. Fisting is not for the faint hearted, you have to be brave and bold if you want to fist properly. While most players in the modern era only think about fisting when it's wet, Clokey digresses. He's happy to fist in all conditions, especially in tight situations.

## "Clokey knows exactly what to do"

But where did his penchant for the punch come from? Before the fist burst onto the scene it was merely a hand, at the end of Jason's arm. As we all know Jason has always dreamed, and one of those dreams was to fist at the highest level. To this end Clokey dedicated himself. As a teenager,



*Father of the fist wasn't so fat after all*

Jason subjected himself to an endless series of gruelling hand exercises. Night after night after night the pubescent Clokey would spend hours at home, alone in his bedroom strengthening his hand. It became an obsession and before too long all Clokey could think about was fisting.

Many people will not be surprised to learn that Jason is the latest in a long line of Magpie fisters. Fisting has a proud history at Victoria Park. For decades Magpie warriors have been doing more than their fair share of fisting, both on and off the field. It's one of the features that has made the Collingwood backline the place of fear and intimidation since the beginning of time.

As impressive as all this full force fisting might sound, there are times and places where fisting can get you into trouble. It was only twelve months ago that Jason's fist first made international headlines. Jason paid the ultimate price for fisting the wrong person at the wrong time. That was twelve months ago and as we all know alot has changed since then. But one thing

that hasn't changed is Clokey's passion for the punch.

With great power comes great responsibility and now the fist faces one of its biggest challenges.

It's a conventionally accepted wisdom that Centre Half Forwards win you Grand Finals. Yet we always hear about how great teams are built around a solid defence. So which one is it?

It doesn't take a supercoach to realise that it's really Centre Half Backs who win flags. And with Clokey on board our future is in safe fists. Who else would you prefer to clear the zone, burst through the lines, drive it up the fat side, bang it long, provide a relieving fist, take it to the pocket, turn his man inside out and wear a bad rinse with pride? None other than our very own fist of fury Jason 'Clokey' Cloke.

*He can run, too!*





PREY

PREDATOR

Nathan Buckley wears adidas Predator Precision.

adidas  
FOREVER SPORT

codswallop

# Codswallop

What is it with some commentators, not to mention the white maggots, that they can't see when a player is simply a cheating piece of pond scum, players like ...

## Gavin Wankerneen

Have you ever stopped to wonder why Leigh Matthews king hit Neville Bruns?

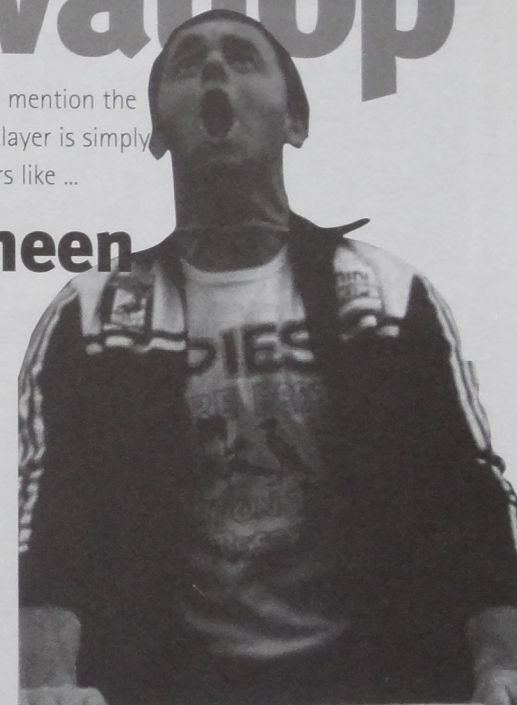
If you think about it, he went to both the tribunal and the Maggi Court, has been interviewed about it subsequently and has never really satisfactorily explained his reasons. Something about a brain drain, a momentary lapse of total reason.

You wanna know what I think the reason was: Neville Bruns. Yeah he had red hair and sometimes that's a good enough reason in itself but it's because Bruns was such a little turd and basically in everybody's darkest corner they would have liked to do the same thing that Lethal did.

I guess by now you're making the connection for yourself. Wankerneen is another such a player. At Essendon he was barely tolerable but at Port he has turned into possibly the most hated player in the league.

There's staging and then there's outright cheating and while I'm remaining completely objective about this I'll let you make up your own mind as to if The Wanker has crossed the line. What I do object to is commentators blithely saying tripe things like 'he has turned staging into an art form' - well if he has done that then (a) he should be criticised for it rather than being a commentator's darling and (b) the umps should wake up to the little prick and start awarding free kicks against him like that thing they do in wogball when the full forward fakes a trip.

You know he does it, I know he does it, the commentators mention it often enough and yet Gieschen fails to publicly come out and say he should be banned from every Aussie Rules competition in the country.



And then there's the way he fakes death or injury every time he is involved in a contest. Against the Bombers in the Semi I could have sworn at various stages he was in a coma, had dislocated his shoulder, torn his hamstring completely free of his body, had had a ruptured appendix and was having his wisdom teeth extracted while contesting a mark. (Credit to Rioli for flippin' him the bird.)

And behold him run back on the field less than two minutes after being carried off!

We don't need these girls blouse whingeing soccer player-type slimebuckets fouling our great game.

I'm certainly not advocating violence, certainly not behind-the-play king hit crap, but every time I watch Wankerneen I empathise just a little with Ol' Lethal.

(For this reason I shall be handcuffing myself to me seat this Satdy to prevent meself from running on to the field and giving him a big sloppy Liverpool kiss.)



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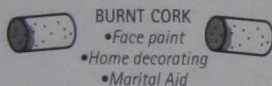
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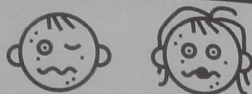
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# RIP

It seems a *fait accompli* that the R.T. Rush Stand is destined for the scrap heap when the club shifts house and moves to Olympic Park. The R.T. Rush Stand has been witness to some of the defining moments in Australian history and this pissweak photographic tribute is dedicated to the old girl. At the going down of the beers and at their coming up again, they shall not be forgotten. Lest we forget.



# XL

# colour

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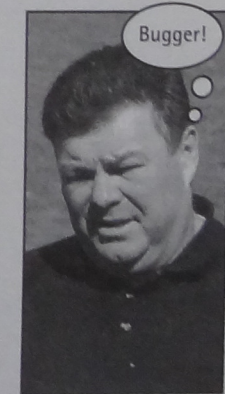
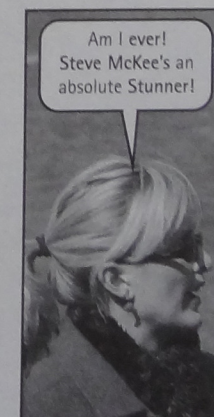
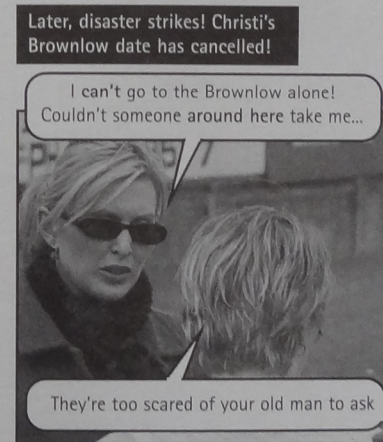
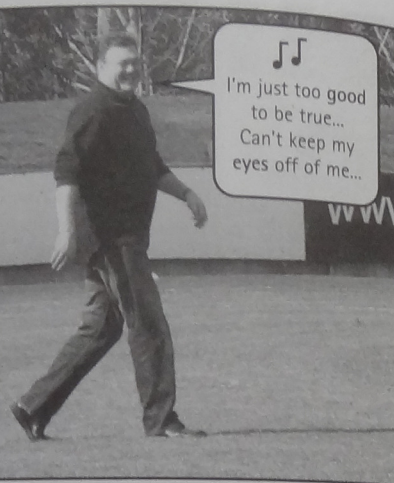
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28 Bruce Street  
Kensington





As the Pies march through September, everybody's thoughts are turned to two things: the new cappuccino machine in the football offices and who's getting an invite to the Brownlow. Meanwhile our hero is driving the ladies crazy thanks to a bohemian image re-vamp.







**Ross 'Twiggy' Dunne**





KIT FENNESSY

# What matters in Footy

G'day readers! Here we are, in the full swelter of the finals and things are getting hot in the kitchen!

Too many cooks have spoiled the broth, the cats are out of the bag, the dogs are licking the spoon and everybody's getting hot under the collar. If you can't stand the heat, play mind games with your opposing coach. Pande-monium abounds in the culinary cucina de la footy.

Some teams are burnt onto the glass front of the stove while others are nicking icy poles from the freezer - and two of the flavours are lemonade and cola (yay!). And raspberry - (boo!)

Don't want to blow my own trumpet (I'm not nearly flexible enough) but as predicted Collingwood is still here! A big tick for the pundit of the press punches!

## THE HORROR



Item! Has anyone really looked into the interstate dominance in AFL football today? The majority of teams in the top eight were from

other states! If the AFL doesn't look out they could end up with a weekend in September with no AFL footy on in Melbourne.

How could they neglect the G? Our spiritual home!... excluding Vicky Park, Batsanis shoes and the third loo on the left after the fifteenth bourbon.

But what kind of opposition can we expect?

## BLOUSES IN TROUSERS

Brisvegas. They'll never equal our four premierships in four years back in the late twenties and early thirties. Drip taking, hyperbaric chamber breathing, mercury enema injecting, overpaid pretty boys with a bought team of champignons (N.B. not a champignon team). Port Adelaide. The sand-groppers. Hard water and soft players. The original home of the Snow Town murderers. Anyone with a couple of cornes would have to be grumpy (sore feet are a terrible business) but they've gone too far! And Sydney? Left footers to a man.

## PAIN

So as you can see not only do we have nothing to worry about, I've now given you a whole new lexicon of insults to use against our upcoming opponents.

## ON THE THRONE



Item! Wayne "Jacko" Jackson is shortly to leave the presidency of the AFL and will be replaced by Andrew Demetriou.... the man from a short list of one! He raced to the top on his track record as a false teeth exporter (could be handy after board meetings... and when this article gets around, gulp!). Ross Oakley is doing 360's in his grave (and he's not even dead yet).



## NAIR

All jokes aside, we do need a man with more body hair in AFL house.

## MULTIPLE PARTNERS

Item! Two umpires in the goal square? Has the world gone mad??? They're taking over the game and'll soon outnumber not only players but the live audience too! If the AFL wants four eyes looking at each goal why not give the current goal umpires glasses?

## FISTS OF FURY

Item! Bruce McAvaney comes from Adelaide! Add that to your list of insults!

## BUMS

But is this such a great business decision? What about the bottom dollar?? That's right, I'm talking bums on seats. And what city has the



most bums in Australia? I don't need to tell you.... Melbourne!! (we really must do something about the minimum wage).

## SUPERCOCOACH HARD AT THE WILLY

Item! During the semifinal between Port Melbourne and Williamstown, when every man and his dog was at the match from the Pies, I had the unlikely honour of sitting in the row immediately in front of Supercocoach Mick

Malthouse. So what words from the great man? Unfortunately, wearing his Matrix shades and sitting with his wife and rellies, Mick was unable to give me a comment (he wouldn't talk to me no matter how many beers I had).

He was, however, an authoritative expert on player's origins and capabilities. Typical quote: "See that bloke? From Tassy and built like a brick shithouse."

My parents, both in their sixties, noted that Mick couldn't read the scoreboard. Keep those glasses handy Mick!! And what a lovely family. Spewing you couldn't bring Christy!!!

## COMING UP...

Anyway, that's it from me. But before I go I'll leave you some tantalising tidbits from the next article:

- Which high profile football commentator is also a football club president?
- Which AFL player's name sounds like "Wankery"?

All will be revealed next issue! Until then, I'll see you in the outer!



#	Name	Born	Height	Weight	Games
1	Leon Davis	17/6/81	178	82	56
2	Shane Woewodin	12/7/76	185	83	138
3	Mark Richardson	31/10/72	196	103	141
4	Alan Didak	15/2/83	182	84	24
5	Nathan Buckley	26/7/72	181	83	104
6	Brodie Holland	3/1/80	180	77	71
7	Jarrold Molloy	12/5/76	189	98	149
8	James Clement	4/9/76	190	92	129
9	Glenn Freeborn	6/2/73	183	81	135
10	Rupert Betheras	23/11/75	181	85	76
11	Shane O'Bree	15/3/79	180	80	81
12	Steve McKee	20/6/78	199	104	63
13	Richard Cole	15/7/83	182	93	9
14	Shane Wakelin	12/8/74	191	95	140
15	Bo Nixon	25/7/84	191	84	-
16	Tom Davidson	3/2/83	192	86	-
17	Scott Burns	23/12/74	181	83	138
18	Paul Licuria	4/1/78	179	86	92
19	Andrew Williams	1/1/79	183	81	84
20	Chris Tarrant	18/12/80	193	89	85
21	Guy Richards	21/3/83	200	91	-
22	Rhyce Shaw	16/10/81	180	82	4
23	Anthony Rocca	15/8/77	195	106	144
24	Tarkyn Lockyer	30/10/79	178	75	81
25	Josh Fraser	5/1/82	202	95	67
26	Ben Johnson	5/4/81	183	79	53
27	Mark McGough	22/6/84	188	88	17
28	Ben Kinnear	27/2/79	193	101	38
29	Heath Scotland	21/7/80	181	80	43
30	Luke Mullins	24/12/84	187	80	-
31	Luke Shackleton	17/11/84	179	89	-
32	David King	2/2/85	183	81	-
33	Cameron Cloke	20/12/82	195	95	-
34	Jason Cloke	6/5/82	189	94	23
35	Simon Prestigiacomo	31/1/78	193	95	114
36	Dane Swan	25/2/84	183	85	-
37	Ryan Lonie	4/3/83	190	91	39
38	Tristen Walker	11/4/84	195	81	-
39	Matthew Lokan	20/11/82	185	85	-
40	Justin Crow	16/7/83	196	87	-
41	Nick Maxwell	3/6/83	190	85	-
43	Jason Roe	13/3/84	190	84	-
44	Tom Hooker	11/6/84	184	84	-
45	Steven Eichner	5/3/84	188	85	-



Media Tosser returns to the Hot Pies fold with an insightful, totally biased and reasonably vindictive swipe at

# Terry 'Pruneface' Wallace

Somebody tell the man that looking like a weathered old dried prune aint cool.

Somebody tell the poor old bloke that everybody knows he goes to solariums cos there just aint that much sunshine in Melbourne in the middle of winter and any self-respecting Aussie bloke worth his salt in beer doesn't go to solariums (with apologies to the Pink Magpies). At his age! Do the words 'grow' and 'old' and 'gracefully' mean anything to this fella?

But what the hell! If you're going to discredit yourself and show yourself up to be a mean-spirited old prick who shafts a club that stuck by him through years of mediocrity with one round to go in a season just so he can soak up some and limelight and what, be carried off by the players as a loyal servant. Delusions of grandeur brother. They do that for club legends, not mercenaries.

And his smugness at all but admitting that he already had a new job wrapped up. Mate, I haven't projectile vomited that badly since my Ouzo days down at Torquay in the Eighties. And lo and behold what happened to that there job you were referring to Tezza? I thought confidentiality agreements only related to discussing the agreement but that they couldn't force you to lie in public. Oh well, I'm sure the size of the cheque helps him sleep well at night ... if, of course there is a cheque ... and there ever was a job in Sydney ... or anywhere else ... which there probably wasn't. Oh well.

Wasn't it beauty in its purest form when the players shafted him back (apart from the fact that it then put into motion the Sacked Coach Syndrome and resulted in a Pies loss)?

I can remember the press conference like it was yesterday. What was it that he said about investigating other interests (like running a solarium franchise no doubt) and that he wouldn't necessarily be after a career in the media. Oh how I rejoiced and prayed that

he was telling the truth. But bloody alas.

I know 3AW are prone to making some major cock-ups - a'la Stan The Man Zemanaek - but what on Eddie's earth were they thinking when they gave him a gig.

Maybe that was the problem. Maybe somebody said something like "Who are we going to get to fill in the special comments gig?" and somebody else heard that first person say "We need to hire a Special Comments Gig." It was probably me Mum because she calls anybody bordering on the imbecilic Gigs. Great word, Great description for ol' Leather Face too.

Somebody should tell Plough (don't get me started on stoopid nicknames but does anybody suspect, like me, that Tezza is the sort of bloke that would give himself a nickname?), like I was saying, somebody should tell

Wallace to keep his mouth closed while he's under the sunbed because it's obvious that those flouros are roasting his vocal chords to a crisp.

Why would you hire a bloke who not only speaks absolute shite 99% of the time but sounds like he's speaking with a mouthful of road gravel?

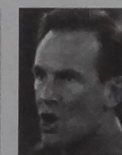
Media Tosser is meant to be an objective critical analysis of the performance of some of our more under-performing

media types and I know that this piece may seem a little over the top, a tad personal bordering on the bitchy but if both the Herald Sun and The Age have given up on attempting to be quality objective newspapers long ago then Hot Pies is sick of holding up the fort and will, for the moment at least, here and now, be ever-so-slightly subjective.

But to be fair to Media Tosser I suggest you do what I normally do when forced to listen to a Wallace-sullied broadcast and draw up several columns such as: Inspired, Half-decent, Bleedin'-obvious, Non-sensical, Utter-tripe and Complete-bullshit and put a tick in each column as you listen to each time he makes a special comment. Send in your results to Hot Pies and then we can stick some objective data up his solarium-tanned date.



Separated at birth





# The Hottest Ticket in town

I've done some pretty stooooopid things in my time.

Like a 12 hour train ride through horrific blizzards only to discover that at the Moscow casino they just play regular roulette.

Or the time I spent three days scaling a mountain in Colorado only to discover John Denver wasn't actually singing about getting stoned.

But despite the endless list of insane acts there is one thing I ain't nevva done!.....

I HAVE NEVER CAMPED OUT OVERNIGHT IN A QUEUE WAITING TO BUY A FINALS TICKET!!

Who are these people?!

And what the hell do they do when they ain't lying under some suspiciously stained 30 year old sleeping bag or nanna's giant crotcheted blanket?

I want to avoid these nutters at all cost!

I mean it.

I've never missed out on a finals ticket. But I've never had to spend a night rolling around in cigarette butts & filth to get it!

These people are clearly insane. Yes even the Collingwood ones.

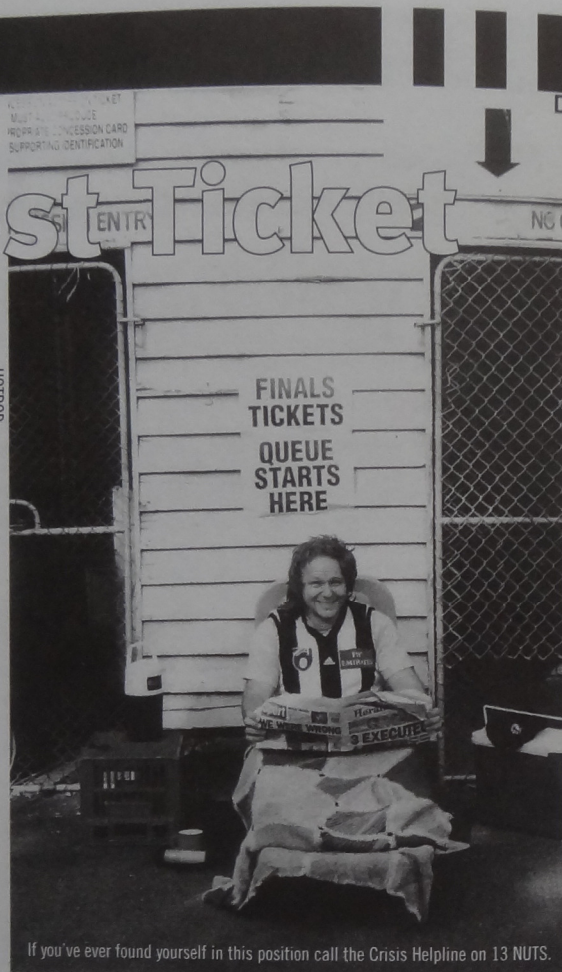
I approached one with caution the other night after spending MY evening hooking into a delightful beef curry before strolling home to watch my SummerSlam tape, a scotch or two & then some porn like a normal a person would.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked.

"We always do it. It's a tradition!" she beamed back at me.

"You do realise that the only thing seperating you from the homeless & destitute is your belief that you will be able to get a better ticket this way?" I remarked before tossing her 50 cents & then apologising - old habits!

HOTROD



If you've ever found yourself in this position call the Crisis Helpline on 13 NUTS.

Surely the respective governments can do something about this. Can't these people be rounded up overnight & branded with:

'I camp out for tickets' across their forehead so us normal folk know to steer well clear of these people in our normal day to day lives?

We can give them all numbers like the deli at Coles so they don't go into a self-induced frenzy at the thought of losing their 'spot' on the footpath while we brand them.

When I'm buying a product or service during the month of September I wanna be Goddamn sure that the person I'm buying it from ain't been rolling around in the street filth 24 hours earlier!

Like John Wayne Bobbitt for a while there, these people are just nuts.

# Once were duds

ELIMINATION FINAL 1994: THE WIGGLES, SUBIACO

Finals are funny things. Some player shine, others choke. Legends are made and sometimes legends are cut down to size.

I was reminded of this particular game when reading the last edition of Hot Pies. In the article on Burnsby the following players were accused of being 'duds'; Jonny Hassall (like McGough, but twice as many turnovers), Andrew Tranquilli (the long sleeve specialist) Trent Hotten (a role model for the Lawrence Angwins of today) and Paul 'Fergal' Sharkey (the Steinfort of the 90's: under-used and under-appreciated).

Let me set the record straight, while these four may not have deserved Copeland's, they shouldn't be remembered as duds.

Cast your mind back ten years. Lethal had dragged an honest (but not overly talented) side into the finals (unlike his Lions of today who are talented but far from honest). For the first week of a very unfair finals system, the eighth placed Collingwood was sent on the toughest assignment in football.

Facing the Weagles in Perth and trailing by four goals at three quarter time, Lethal was desperate and made moves galore. Whilst some players remained in their preferred position (i.e. Ned - full back, Willo - wing, Sav - bench) others were clearly playing out of position: Christian in the ruck and Kerro on the ball (I'm not kidding!).

But as the last term began it was apparent the Pies were going to fight this one out to the end. In one of his greatest efforts, Rowdy stood tall with three last quarter goals and the Pies looked set to cause the upset of the season. But then Prince Charles kicked a lucky goal that gave the Eagles some breathing space and the Pies' effort appeared to have been in vain.

Enter our four 'duds'. First it was Tranquilli. His goal on the run with only minutes remaining brought the Pies back within a kick.

Then Hotten stood up with a couple of big grabs up forward, while Sharkey made several desperate spoils down back. But with just 30 seconds on the clock and the Pies still trailing it appeared all was lost.

But the Weagles forgot about Jonny Hassall, our nomination for the 1994 Rising Star Award.

The ball was kicked to a contest on the wing where it appeared two Weagles opponents would easily account for Johnny. Not so. He threw himself on the ball in act of sheer courage and won the free kick.

The Pies had one last chance. He quickly handballed it on to Perty who bombed it inside fifty hitting McGuane on the chest forty metres out from goal.

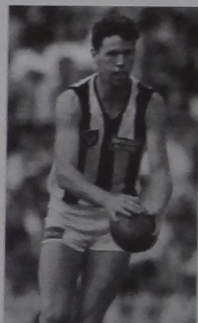
Tragically Micky dropped the mark. If it had been a Tote ticket, it might have been a different story.

The siren sounded, those mongrels had won and our season was over. As it turned out this was the last final we played in the Nineties. As for the four 'dud's' - their careers pretty much peaked during this game (lets face it, Eddie won't be inviting them back to be driven round the G as 'Blasts from the Past').

Each of these players would leave the club in the years to follow: Hassall and Sharkey (Hawthorn), Tranquilli (VFA) and Hotten (nightclub promotions).

But it should be remembered that even though a lot of Collingwood players of the Nineties didn't always have the skill or talent required, when it counted they almost always had the ticker. And as far as my Jon Hassall fridge magnet and I are concerned, this does not make you a dud.

SLUGGER WOOD



Once were warriors: Tranquilli, Hotten, Sharkey and Hassall.



# Sometimes you need miracles and sometimes you need Daics

We weren't at the ground; we weren't even in front of the telly. We were in a borrowed Mazda 1300 on our way to a pro-Pies Grand Final Day piss up in, of all places, Hawthorn. It was 1990 and I was neither connected nor desperate enough to get into the G. But I was fucking tense.

We were very late. The inner city was as dead as a nuclear winter even though it was a magical spring day. Perfect conditions for blatantly flouting the road rules in a frenzied attempt to get in front of a telly. However even on a perfect track the Mazda could barely be coaxed above the speed limit.

Thankfully the shit heap had a functioning AM radio. The tinny speakers rattled with the screams of the crowd as an echo of the same screams floated on the warm breeze up to Victoria Street where we ran a red light. My fingernails dug into the steering wheel as the commentator finally made himself heard over the delirium.

"Salmon, Salmon with his second..."

I was gripped by panic and dread. The sunny backyard barbie mission suddenly seemed ridiculous and futile. My foot slipped off the accelerator as forgotten memories of childhood disappointment came flooding back. 1977, 1979, 1980, 1981. Fuck – it was happening again.

"That bloody big dud prick Salmon..."

My (North Melbourne) mate picked up on my desperation and encouraged me to keep on driving.

"It's early days," he said but the words had a hollow ring. So did the radio; "...against the flow of play... Collingwood have been dominating..."

I almost ripped the console out of the dash. I turned it off instead.

"Sorry mate, I just can't listen to it."

I knew I was behaving irrationally. I told myself to be positive. I told myself it was early. I told myself there was plenty of beer at the barbie whatever happened and we drove on and over Punt Road.

A roar erupted from the epicentre, shriller, and more deafening than the last. The shockwaves radiated out of the G and sent the Mazda skidding on the tram tracks down the Bridge Road hill.

Something in the tenor of it told me it was for Collingwood. It was like a mating call. It was a scream from a desperate, denied people.

I called on the radio for confirmation. Amongst the static and pandemonium I heard the magic word: Daicos. The Macedonian Marvel!

He hadn't just kicked a goal; he had conjured an absolute, 24-carat gem. The caller sounded like he'd been struck by lightning. He reached for the superlatives, he tried to explain what had just happened but he faced an impossible task.

Stupid to even try.

I saw it on the replay later and the whole thing was poetry. The gather and sidestep on the boundary line, the tongue hanging out, the precise kick as Cransberg dived across his boot. That goal, apart from time, place and occasion was a magical, inspired almost superhuman feat.

Coming when it did – as the first reply to two goals deep into the first quarter of a Grand Final – it transcended the moment and embodied hope.

It encouraged belief. Suddenly we were alive again. If Daic's was kicking miracle goals then surely we would see a miracle this day.

THE CAPTAIN

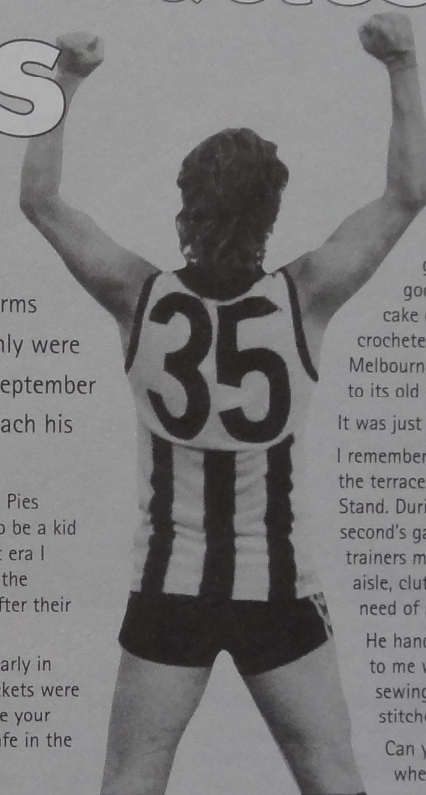
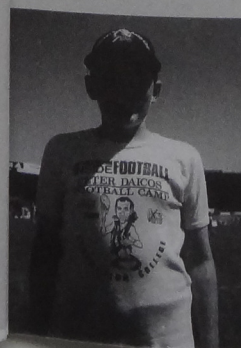
Whilst the late 70's and early 80's are not remembered fondly by Collingwood supporters in terms of Premierships, there certainly were lots of big highlights come September for a wide eyed kid, yet to reach his teenage years.

Not only was it a great time to be a Pies supporter, it was just a great time to be a kid and to go to the footy. Through that era I attended lots of finals matches and the Collingwood family always looked after their own.

In those days the crowds were regularly in excess of 100,000 and like today, tickets were hard to come by, but you could make your way to the MCG without a ticket, safe in the knowledge that;

- A: you would be able to get one
- B: you would pay face value and wouldn't get ripped off by a scalper
- C: you would be sitting next to one of the black and white army

I attended the footy with my Dad and my brother in those days and sometimes us boys would end up separated from Dad, but you'd always be close by, often in the same row.



Often you'd end up sitting next to one of the lovely old Dolly Greys and a growing lad was always a good chance to score a piece of cake or a sandwich or even a hand crocheted rug over the knees if the Melbourne September weather was up to its old tricks.

It was just like sitting with your Nanna. I remember 1st semi-final day 1980, on the terrace at the foot of the Olympic Stand. During the 3rd quarter of the second's game, one of the Collingwood trainers made a mad dash down the aisle, clutching a match jumper in need of a few running repairs.

He handed it to the lady sitting next to me who in a flash pulled out her sewing kit to whack a few quick stitches into the collar.

Can you imagine my excitement when she unfurled the jumper to reveal the mighty number 35.

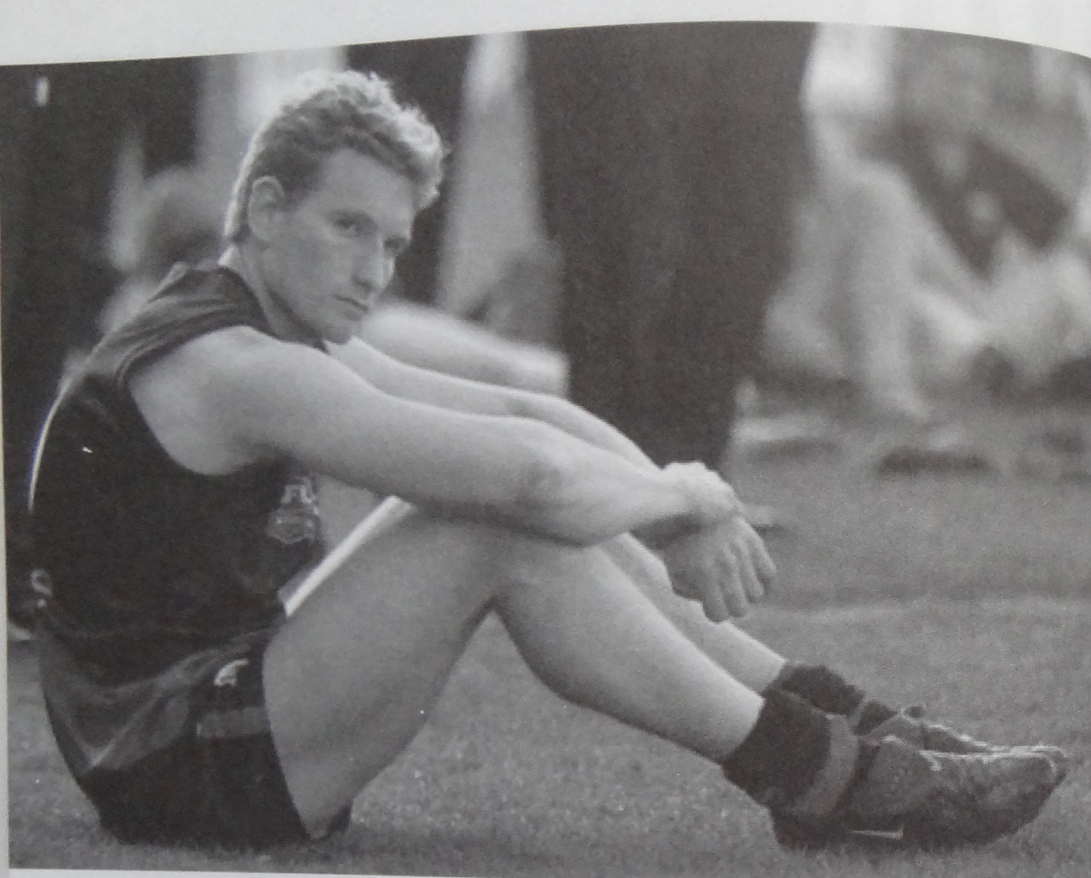
There in front of me, was the jumper of my favourite player, the great Peter Daicos and I touched it.

'Daics' played in the centre that day and went on to kick a few of his trademark goals as we spanked Carlton by plenty.

Little did I know it would be another ten years before I experienced Premiership success – but on that day life couldn't have been any sweeter.

DAMIEN BURGESS





Number of possessions in first quarter of semi

Individual effect on the game

How many points Port scored in comparison to the Bombers

Captaining the biggest underachievers in the history of the game

Zip

Zero

Double

Priceless

**LosersCard**

*There are some things money can't buy  
For everything else there's LosersCard*

GRAND FINAL 1953: GEELONG, MCG



# The killer flag

PAULS O'FARRELL

Collingwood's 1953 premiership was, quite literally, a killer.

Within a month of that famous victory, two of the club's most significant contributors were dead – both slain by the strain of the Grand Final.

Club legend Jock McHale died of a heart attack at the age of 71, just 10 days after the Pies had hoisted the 1953 premiership cup. In a 262-game career, Jock had played in four flags for the Pies between 1902 and 1918, and had gone on to coach the team to another six premierships between 1919 and 1950.

McHale's untimely death was followed a few weeks later by that of his good friend, and club benefactor, John Wren. An "entrepreneur" and owner of the infamous Collingwood tote, Wren was known for doling out cash to the Pies' best on-field contributors in the clubrooms after a game.

Neither of these men were faint hearted, but the strain of a 17-year wait for premiership success (the Pies had last won in 1936) and the joy of victory had clearly taken its toll.

History records Geelong entered the 1953 finals as hot favourites – having won back-to-back flags in '51 and '52. The Collingwood website still describes that Geelong side as "undoubtedly the team to beat in the early 1950s" with "star players on every line". (An eerily parallel to today's Brisbane team.)

Captain Lou Richards and young star Bobby Rose were among the best in Collingwood's stirring 12-point victory. Although fat ladies didn't sing in those days (nor gold jackets appear), the victory was clinched in the third quarter when the Magpies opened up a five-goal lead.

Forget hair product and all that crap all you wannabee metrosexuals, it's ankle straps that really turn the ladies on.



The style, the grace, the follow through ... the ball hitting his brother on the shoulder from close range – crikey my Mum can handball better than that – and to think this guy now runs a handball comp ... Bizarre!

For Wren, the excitement of that third quarter must have been too much. During the final break, he insisted on pushing through the 90,000-strong crowd to get behind the Collingwood goals for the last quarter.

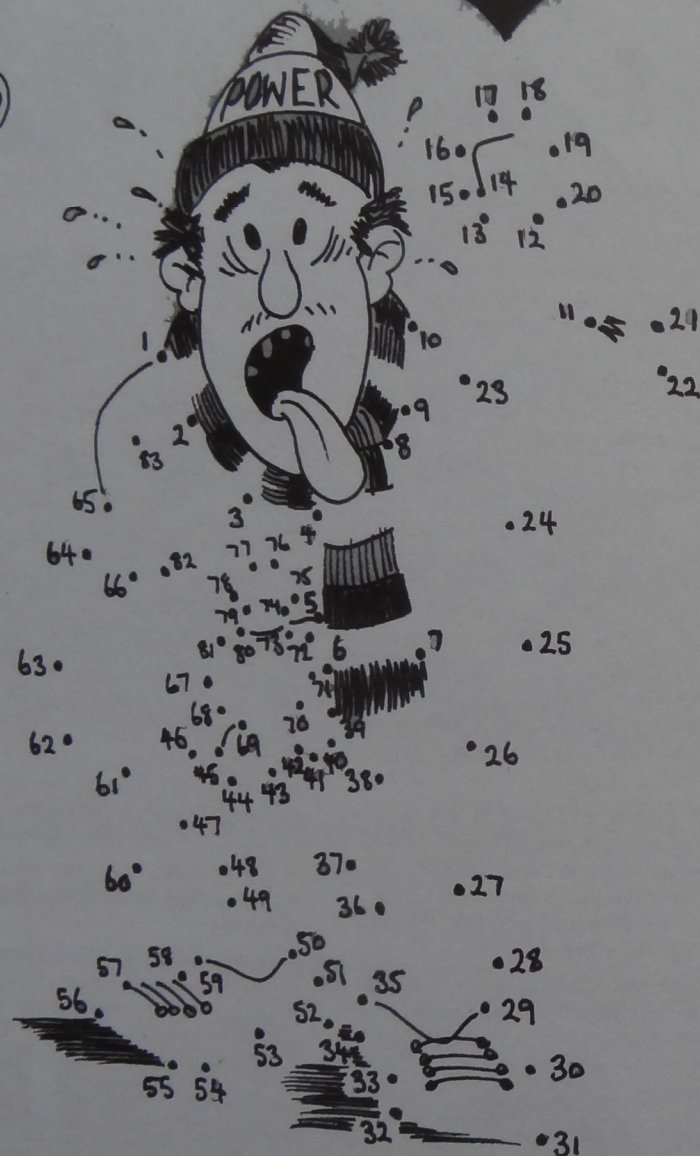
At 82 years of age, the exertion affected his heart and undoubtedly contributed to his death a month later on 26 October.

As we enter September 2003, the echoes of half a century ago ring loud. Prepare yourself for some heart murmurs – it's going to be a month to die for.



The Collingwood stripes were never that flattering to Jock's figure.



by  
Horko

choke-us POLUS ~ PORT POWER SUPPORTERS ARE  
TRULY THE MAGICIANS OF THE LEAGUE. GIVE THEM A  
HOME FINAL AND WATCH THEM DISAPPEAR!!!!!!

PETE BUTTWAGON

# The Missionaries

During the midseason break, footy clubs use the time to reinvigorate their playing lists.

This year, the Dees set off to the casino for a counter tea and a punch up with vicious Armenian taxi drivers, the Tigers played rounders and visited the suffering – namely their so-called 'long time suffering supporters' and the Blues went around to Robert Wall's house for instruction on how to play the game, or failing that, how to become a wallflower type expert commentator after their sorry footballing careers are over.

What did the Pies do? They took an exhausting flight to the top end and proceeded to do what they do best. To educate, inspire and show the rest of the football world how to make the most of a break that other clubs treat as a schoolies week.

Before the break the team was lacking focus and struggling to string two wins together. The unsanctioned United Nations-style effort of reconciliation and MC Hammer style dancing with indigenous people has given them the perspective that was missing.

Winning IS important, and that's what they have been doing, but equally, having a global profile as one of the world's up and coming benevolent organisations has left the rest of the football world doubting whether their kiddies footy clinics and visits to shopping malls are the right way to go.

Just last week, lame old Carlton wheeled out some old doll posing as a board member, who suggested they aim at recruiting members of the gay community. Talk about two years later.

Anyway, before the break, Chris Tarrant was more interested in rolling down the Murray on a paddlesteamer than playing football.

In Darwin everything changed.

Chris Tarrant met a local named Chris Tarrant, son of Chris Tarrant who lived in a house called Chris Tarrant. Chris Tarrant, the real one, saw the light. Yes, the power of Collingwood is more important than ferreting and yabbing, and he and his fellow missionaries have made a pledge to spread the word and solve all the problems that are just too hard for posh politician, Alexander 'Total' Downer.

So, after handing out thumping after thumping after the break, the Club, in consultation with the players, has a roadmap toward recovery in the postseason to cure at least some of the globe's ills.

**Globally:** Responding to George W Bush's call for assistance to restore order in Iraq the boys are off to sunny Baghdad for their end-of-season footy trip to act as peace-keeping force (Swannie has allocated this to be completed in time for the boys to be back for the Cup weekend in order to be not faced with any overtime bills) and the UN has anointed Bucks as the replacement for that Brazilian dude.

Likewise Licca has been sought out by Arafat to become the next Palestinian PM after the current one squibs it like the last one, not the least because his dark swarthy good looks will fit in nicely on the West Bank but also because of his ability to get the job done on the big occasions and his never-say-die attitude in a crisis.

Apparently his last quarter effort against the Lions convinced Arafat he was the right man for the job.

**Nationally:** Little Johnny, in a personal epiphany in which he has realised what an opportunistic dog-whistling-racist scumbag he has been these past few years, has decided to sack Ruddock and put Malty in as caretaker Minister for Immigration and Indigenous Affairs over the summer to put some commonsense into the department and put them on the path to a successful and fair-minded policy.

**Locally:** To support the State Government's *Building Communities* campaign The Roop has started sculpting a tribute to The Peanut Man which apparently will be installed in the AFL's new Hall of Fame at Fed Square.

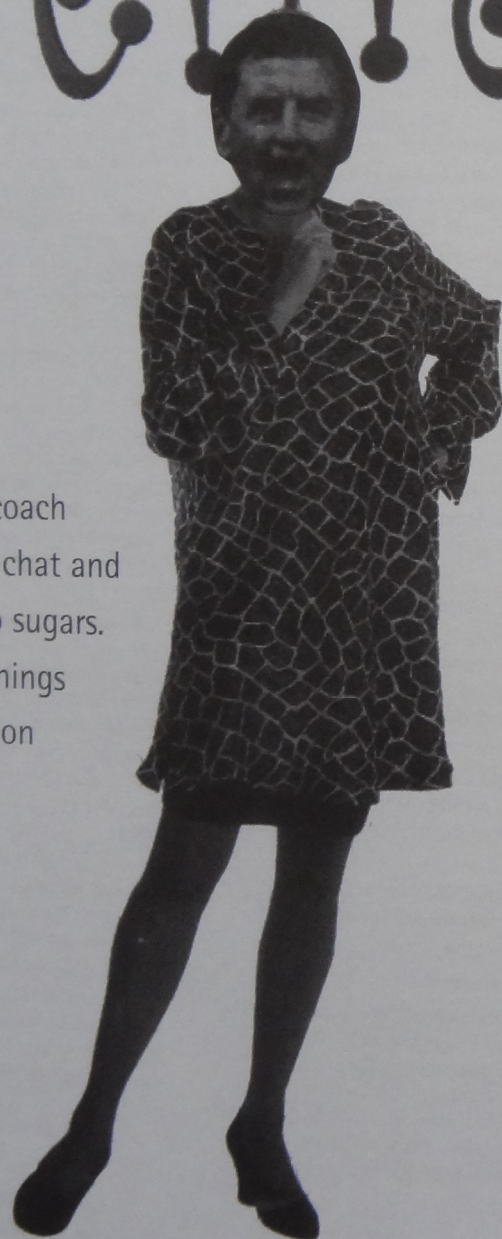
We, the supporters should be right behind the boys on this one and should definitely dig deep for the upcoming end-of-season footy trip gala fundraiser now that we know they won't just be pissing the our hard-earned up against some bar in Mexico.



Yassa gets on the dog with Licca to chew the fat on his Middle East policy

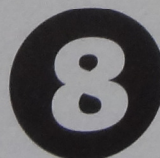


# Denis



Join ex-guru coach  
Denis Pagan for a chat and  
a white with two sugars.  
Weekday mornings  
10am to Noon

Channel 8



Still the one  
to watch

mad mick

In earlier reports we've looked at the future of the Pies' old spiritual home, Victoria Park and our new training home, Olympic Park. In this issue I'd like to consider the concept of our home ground, the MCG.

## The G - home sweet home?



### What we Know

The MCG is being rebuilt in time for the 2006 Commonwealth Games. The Club has consistently promised that as part of that development Collingwood will have its own social club within the new grandstands. As recently as last year Eddie has got a little more specific and said that we will have a block of 16,000 seats for home and away games at the MCG. The deal has also been extended to Telstra Dome so that wherever

Collingwood plays in Melbourne there will now be a concept of a club/social club where we can all sit together.

### What we don't know

As with all developments the size of the new MCG it is a moving feast. Throw in the politics of the MCC and the AFL and its amazing anything gets done. To put it into perspective the Poms had a crack at a similar exercise a few years ago with Wembley. They managed the demolition part quite well. Knocked the grand old stadium to the ground. Then all the parties had the shit fight and they are still without a replacement. So to be fair Eddie & Co its probably a little early for them to be grilled on the colour of the carpet but we do need the vision to start unfolding in a little more detail. What we want to know is how will the final product, this concept of the Collingwood

### Social Club take shape?

### Some food for thought

Eddie has certainly flagged the importance to sign up now and avoid missing out on Social Club membership. Hitting 40,000 members will certainly ensure there is a strong level of demand. The Club has a real opportunity to improve not so much on the total of 40,000 but on the cut it gets of the money. Amongst the 40,000 there is a strong number of club support AFL & MCC members. Unlike season ticket and social club/reserved seat members the Club does not get all but only a portion of their money. And there are thousands of them. The gains are potentially enormous. The opportunity for Collingwood to develop a product that can compete evenly with the AFL's own product may well be once in a lifetime. Up until now the AFL has actually competed with the Club's by way of the great value it offered in AFL membership. In recent years they have tarnished their product somewhat but maintained significant product advantage simply because they make the rules. A similar opportunity exists to erode the MCC's hold on Collingwood money.

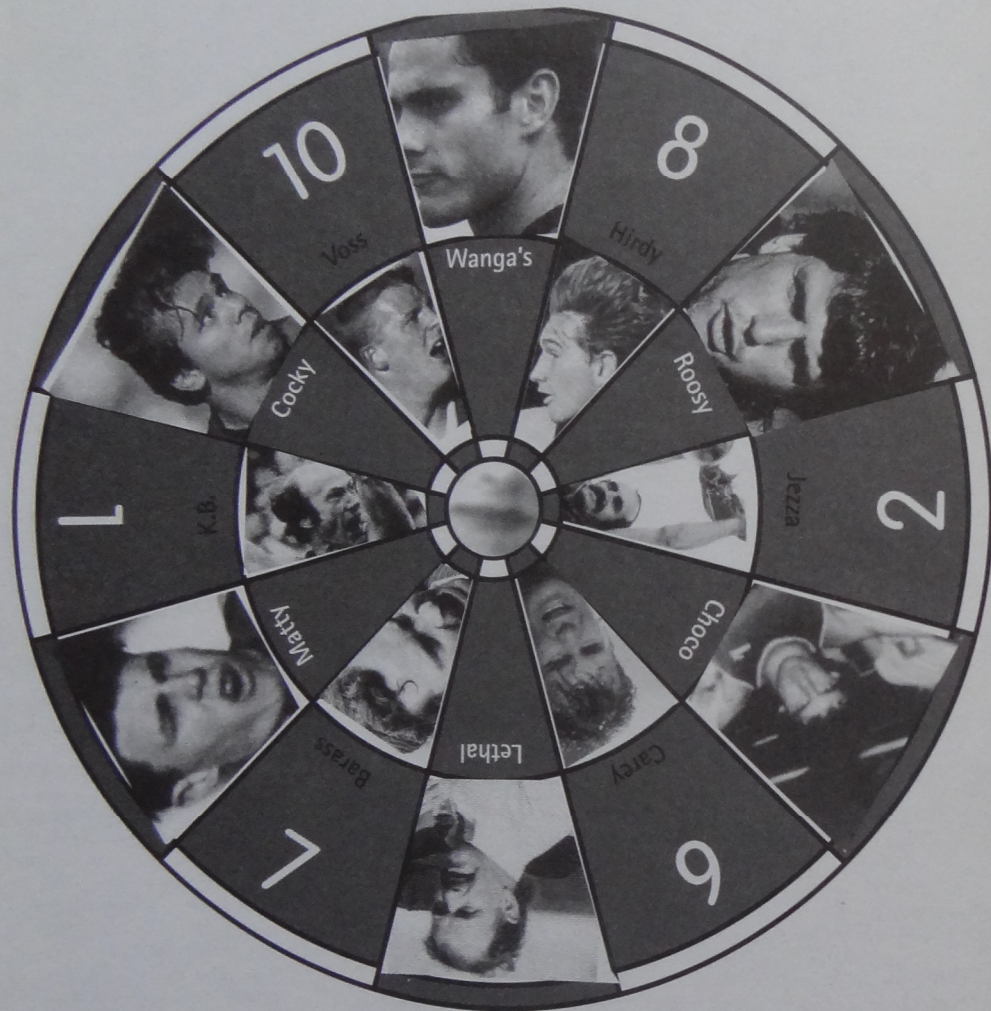
The main reasons people strive for an AFL membership is because it used to offer a guaranteed grand final ticket. Those days are gone as rising club memberships chew up most of the "impartial" allocation. Collingwood will and should argue that why pay the AFL for the possibility to see someone else's side in

the GF when you can pay Collingwood for the right to see the Pies in the GF. And if you're a fair dinkum fan who else would you want to see anyway?

Another advantage AFL membership offers was borne out of a strange late 90s concept of the impartial football member. An odd beast concocted by the AFL that actually enjoys going to see other games aside from just their team. Freaks I say but lets run with it for now. Essentially this opened up two areas where the Clubs were simply not allowed to compete. Unlike the clubs, the AFL's product entitled the "member" to attend a large amount of games. Every round and more including all of your club's games at the venue. I believe Collingwood people don't particularly meet this theatre-goes/member concept and as such offering up to 20 odd games where Collingwood doesn't play suddenly doesn't give much value at all. Even better than the old days at Victoria Park where a solid block of 11 home games (at a home ground in the true sense of the word) underpinned great value in club membership the Club can now offer a home game package for all Melbourne played games which depending on the fixture will run up to 18 games per year. That's bloody great and you'd expect the Pies to market this heavily to AFL & MCC members in coming seasons.

The other spin off of the generic nature of AFL & MCC memberships is one for which I can't see an immediate offering that the Club could provide. Guest passes. Club membership requires you to attend most games to get value otherwise you'd be better off just turning up. We can thank the Club that unlike our so called fellow super powers Essendon and Carlton it is still possible to follow the Pies by turning up when you feel like it, although given the later's recent performances lock-ins are more of a chance than lock-outs. Nonetheless there is an issue the Club faces. In a 16,000 seat fully reserved seat environment how does it deal with guest passes aside from simply not having them? Only part of the issue relates to the almost heretical proposition that not all of us retain only fellow Collingwood supporters as family and friends and therefore occasionally enjoy the thrust and parry of attending with some of the opposition. If you belong to the AFL or MCC this is easily facilitated by way of a guest pass (if said opposition is not a member too). The second part of the problem relates to membership growth. It looks like this bundle of 16,000 will be an all or nothing offer. Buy the full social club package with reserved seat or take your chances in the outer. So how do you introduce your kids to the Club? How do you give your walk up start mate a taste of the social club? How do you try before you buy? The Club has to give this some serious thought otherwise they will struggle to convince many in the AFL or MCC to make the switch.





Hey kids!

Now you can combine the two greatest sports of footy and darts into one fun game. All you need is hand eye co-ordination and a sense of revenge. The faces on this page are people who present a threat to Collingwood's flag hopes, or have destroyed Magpie flag hopes in the past, or are people you'd just like to throw darts at. Simply attach this page to a dart board and bombs away. First player to 180 points wins, good luck.

Editor's Note: Here's one from the archives when the Pies last won the flag. This comic strip also commemorates the 499th time that Fred has used this joke. On ya Fred!

# FOOTBALL MOUTH by FRED NEGRO ©90

WELL INTO TIME ON IN THE 1990 AFL GRAND FINAL COLLINGWOOD TRAIL BY A POINT....



AND A BEAUTIFUL PIN-POINT PASS FROM WRIGHT HAS FOUND DAICOS 65 METRES OUT FROM THE PIES GOALS....



AND THERE GOES THE SIREN!! THIS WILL BE A REAL PRESSURE KICK FROM DAICOS...



HE'S KICKED FOUR, IF HE KICKS THIS IT'LL BE HIS 100TH FOR THE SEASON AND THE PIES WILL HAVE THE FLAG...



HE'S GONE FOR THE BIG TORP... IT'S SAILING...



WHAT A KICK! IT'S STILL SAILING HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE MIDDLE OF THE BIG STICKS... ITS.. ITS..



IT'S A GOAL!!! THE PIES HAVE DONE IT!



WAKE UP FOOTY!! YOU'VE BLOWN EVERYWHERE AGAIN... THAT'S THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK YOU'VE SOILED THE SHEETS.



THE STUFF WET DREAMS ARE MADE OF GRAFIX.

FRED NEGRO





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